

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

1821.

THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY.

1872.

Vol. LII. H. PETERSON & CO., No. 319 Walnut Street.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.

TERMS: \$3.00 a Year in Advance. Single Number, 6 Cents. No. 7.

UNDER HER WINDOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CLIO STANLEY.

- (1) the gentle flush, in the moonlight hush, Of the lily's golden splendor;
- (2) the shadowy smile at twilight time, When soft gray eyes o'erlooked her!
- (3) the smile so bright, as from hand so white The lily is down-dropped to me;
- (4) the raven lip that the low night slips, And the eyes that do smile me!
- (5) the gentle word that my heart hath stirred, And the touch of a vanished finger;
- (6) the mellow note from a throatful throat, Where the nightingale doth linger!
- (7) listening rose, your leaves unclose, And breathe my love unto her;
- (8) happy flower, at the morning hour Again to wake and view her!
- (9) life so long, with a sorry song, That hath won from me my treasure;
- (10) she waiteth now to keep her vow, While her tears the moments measure!
- (11) moon so bright, with thy gentle light, Lead sleep to my lady's chamber;
- (12) leave a happy dream to thy parting gleam, And forget that e'er I blamed her!

A JUST RETRIBUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ELEN E. REXFORD.

CHAPTER I.

SENIOR MARIO ALMONT.

"Here is a letter for you, father." The old man who had been too busily engaged in reading to notice the entrance of the speaker, looked up, and smiled when he saw who it was.

"Is it you, Olive? I did not hear you come in. Who have you brought me a letter from?" "Not having read it, I can't say," answered Olive, putting the letter in her father's hands.

He opened it and read it through. "Who is it from?" she asked. "For answer he handed her the letter. It bore the Cuban post-mark, and read as follows:—

"My Dear Mr. Carmart:—I am coming north on a short visit, and shall avail myself of your kind and oft-repeated invitation to spend a month or two with you.

"You may expect me somewhere about the 10th of the month.

"Hoping to find yourself and daughter well."

"I am your most obedient servant,"

"MARIO ALMONT."

"James Carmart, Esq."

"Somewhere about the 10th, he says," said Mr. Carmart. "It's pretty near that date now, isn't it?"

"To-morrow is the 10th," answered Olive. "The letter must have been delayed on its route, for we ought to have had it a week ago, judging from the date. However it won't make any difference, for the house is ready for guests, and there are no extra preparations to make for Senior Almont's coming."

"He must be twenty-six or seven years of age," said Mr. Carmart, thoughtfully. "I have not seen him for several years. When he was in this country last he was just out of his boyish ways."

"We shall have quite a little party at the Elms, this summer," said Olive. "Kate Ashmore and Charlie will be here this week, and Brent Lisle and his sister wrote they would be down next Monday. Senior Almont is coming at the right time, precisely."

"You forgot to number Allyn Sherwood among your expected visitors," said Mr. Carmart, smiling to see Olive's face grow rosy at the name. "I think I know what he is coming down to the Elms for this summer."

"To enjoy himself, of course," said Olive, bending down to pick up a paper from the carpet, that she might hide her blushing face.

"Yes, to enjoy himself, I suppose," answered Mr. Carmart. "But that isn't all. He's coming down to rob me of my daughter, I'm afraid."

"I don't see what makes you think so, I'm sure," said Olive coming up behind her father, and leaning over his chair.

"I am pretty good at reading signs," he answered. "When a young lady gets letters once a week from a young gentleman, and won't let even her poor old father read them, though he may be dying of curiosity to do so, and when that young lady blushes up as red as a June rose at the mention of the young gentleman's name, I think there are pretty good foundations to form such a conclusion as mine on."

"Well, and if your conclusions should prove to be correct. What then?" asked Olive.

"I suppose I should let the young man do as he pleased, and put up with the loss of my daughter with the best grace possible. I should hate to lose my daughter, though," he added, smiling up into the face which looked over him.

"You won't lose me," Olive said, stroking his gray hair tenderly. "I won't leave you; I'm always going to be the same Olive to you I am to-day."

"Perhaps Allyn Sherwood won't agree to that," he said, smiling to see the soft color flush her cheeks. "He may be selfish in the matter, you know, and think that I have had you long enough."

"I mean that I would love you always, as I do now," she said, bending down and kissing him. "If I ever do get married, I'm going to have you live with me."

"At present, I suppose the probability of your being married is very remote," he said, and pulled her round into his lap where he could get a good look at her.

"Do you love Allyn Sherwood well enough to trust your future in his keeping?"



HE SAW SHERWOOD STANDING BESIDE HER IN THE TWILIGHT, AND A FLASH OF HATRED LEAPED INTO HIS EYES.

"I love him better than anyone else I ever knew, except you," she answered, frankly.

"Marriage is something which young persons should think about seriously, before they assume its responsibilities. It is for life, and a great deal must be borne, a great deal overlooked in each other. You have thought of that, Olive?"

"Yes," she answered. "I think Allyn will be as kind and forbearing as I could wish or expect any man to be—and I am sure I love him enough to try and be a true wife to him."

"I hope you will be happy with the man you have chosen, and I think you will," he said. "I like him, and would as soon trust your future in his hands, as in any one's I know."

"I hear the sound of carriage wheels," cried Olive, running to the window. "Maybe some one has come."

She lifted the sash, and leaned out to catch a view of the front of the house and carriage drive.

"It's Kate and Charlie," she cried—and ran out of the room and down to the yard to welcome her visitors.

The arrivals were Katherine Ashmore and her brother Charlie. The Ashmores had been friends as long as Mr. Carmart could remember, and when Olive made out her list of invitations for the summer, Kate and Charlie's names figured conspicuously at the head of the list.

Miss Ashmore was a tall and handsome girl, with a fine figure, and an easy, well-bred grace. A strong and earnest nature looked out of her dark eyes, and gave an expression of steadfastness and sincerity to her face.

Charlie was some two or three years her junior, and was just the right kind of person to make things lively and stirring. Full of gaiety and spirits, he could manage to keep the "blues" at quite a respectable distance from himself and those who came in contact with him.

"Welcome to the Elms," cried Olive, as she ran down the steps, and met Miss Ashmore.

"I really think it waste of the raw matter to see one girl here another in that way," said Charlie, with an assumption of great wisdom. "Suppose you keep on with your demonstrations, and serve your visitors all alike."

"I couldn't think of kissing you," laughed Olive. "I never kiss boys."

"I'm happy to hear it," answered Charlie. "I conclude you don't include Allyn Sherwood in the list of boys, then?"

"Did you ever see me kiss him?" asked Olive, archly.

"Not exactly," answered Charlie, "but I saw him kiss you, which is about the same thing, you know. You remember the Academy ball, don't you?—and a walk in the garden between the dances?"

"I'm not going to commit myself," answered Olive, leading the way into the house.

Mr. Carmart met them in the hall.

"I am glad to see you," he said, with an earnest cordiality. "Olive has been ready for her visitors for a week."

Their rooms were assigned them, and being tired and dusty, they went to change their travelling garments for something fresher and more comfortable; while Olive went to order dinner put on the table.

After dinner they withdrew to the piazza, up whose pillars and lattice-work luxuriant vines had been trained, which cast a cool and pleasant shade within.

"What a beautiful place!" Kate said, looking off over the wide green meadows to the hills. "I would like to live here all ways; it is so much pleasanter than the city."

"I should like to inquire, respectfully, if

there are any pretty girls here?" said Charlie. "To my mind, no place is what it ought to be without those useful and ornamental creatures."

"I live here," answered Olive, demurely. "Charlie will probably fall in love half-a-dozen times this summer," laughed Kate. "I hoped he would take warning by his adventure in that direction last summer, but he didn't. I think I never told you about that, Olive?"

"No, I never heard anything about it," answered Olive. "Please tell me."

"For goodness' sake, don't!" exclaimed Charlie. "I think it about time you hunted up some new anecdote for the amusement of your friends. Give the story and me a little peace."

"I must tell Olive," said Kate. "You know Charlie and I went down to Virginia visiting last summer. Well, Charlie fell in love there. He went into town one day and saw a young lady who captivated his fancy at once. He came home raving about her, and such a carriage! such a foot! such style and grace! When we asked him to describe her looks, he admitted that he hadn't seen her face, as she wore a veil. Three or four times he saw her on the streets, and every time he got deeper and deeper in love. She wore a veil all the time, and the fact that he couldn't get a glimpse of her face gave the affair a delightful air of romance and mystery. But the mystery was removed at last. One Sunday we drove to church in town, and as we rode down the street, Charlie all at once cried out that 'there she was!' and pointed out a lady on the sidewalk. As usual, she had her veil down. He turned her face toward him as she took the veil, and he took a good look at her. He was just how she looks. She has dark eyes and hair, and is as handsome in face as she is in figure."

"Just then a gust of wind came along, and away went her veil. Charlie, determined to exhibit his gallantry and get a peep at the charms of his hidden beauty at the same time, jumped out of the carriage and recovered the veil, which he restored to the unknown fair one. She turned her face toward him as she took the veil, and he took a good look at her. He was just how she looks. She has dark eyes and hair, and is as handsome in face as she is in figure."

"He is a friend of father's from Cuba, and has come north to spend a few weeks. I recognize him from his resemblance to pictures father has of the Almonts of a former generation."

The gentleman came up to the steps.

"I am Mario Almont," he said, bowing. "If I am not mistaken, you are Miss Carmart, to Olive, who had started to call her father."

"Yes, I am Olive Carmart," she said, giving him her hand. "We were expecting you. Your letter did not reach us until this morning, however. Come in, and I will call father."

His bold, glittering eyes rested on the

fair, fresh face of Olive with undisguised admiration as she spoke. They were like other eyes she had seen sometimes, which gave her an uneasy sensation. There was something hard and cruel and relentless in them.

He followed her into the house, and sat down in the parlor to wait while she went in search of her father.

She found him in the library busy with his books. Books were the dearest friends Mr. Carmart had. He loved them, and found a pleasant companionship among them.

"Senior Almont has come, father," she said. "He is in the parlor, waiting for you."

"I will go down, then," he said, shutting the volume. "How do you like him, Olive?"

"I don't think I like him very well," she answered slowly. "He impresses me with a sense of dread. I shivered when he looked at me, his eyes had such a hard look about them. I'm afraid I shan't enjoy his society as much as—"

"As much as you will Sherwood's," put in Mr. Carmart, getting up from the table, and moving toward the door. "Sherwood is a lucky fellow!"

CHAPTER II.

A NEW LOVER.

"Let me see! this is Saturday, isn't it?" Charlie asked the question one morning at the breakfast table.

"Yes, this is Saturday," answered Mr. Carmart.

"I hope you haven't forgotten that Sherwood is coming down to-day," Charlie said, smiling across at Olive.

"It isn't likely that I have," answered Olive quietly, while a swift blush rose in her cheeks.

Something in Charlie's bantering tone attracted Almont's attention, and he looked keenly at Olive, and saw the color suffuse her face.

"Who is this Sherwood?" he asked. Charlie, after breakfast, as they stood on the steps together.

"A young fellow from the city," answered Charlie. "A very fine young man; he will make his mark in the world, they say, as an author. He has written some very fine things."

"Miss Carmart seemed to discover some peculiar meaning in your words when you spoke of him, judging from her blushes," said the Cuban.

"Yes," answered Charlie. "I suppose she expects to be Mrs. Sherwood some day."

"Engaged?" asked Almont.

"I don't know whether they are or not," was the reply. "If not, there is a mutual understanding existing which amounts to the same thing."

Just then Olive came down into the garden to gather some flowers for the parlor.

Almont watched her with eager eyes, and there was admiration in his glance, and a crafty, sinister look about his face.

"She is a very beautiful girl," he said, turning to Charlie. "Does she love this Sherwood, or is it to be merely a convenience?"

"Carhart has but little property, I believe."

"Such a woman never ought to be a poor man's wife," the Cuban said, turning to watch Olive again.

She was trying to break off a branch of roses from a bush high above her head. It eluded her grasp, and swung its blossoms tantalizingly just out of reach.

"Let me help you," said Almont, coming to her assistance.

He broke the blossoms from the bush and gave them to her, his keen eyes full of an admiration she could not mistake.

"Thank you," she said, a feeling of dread

and dislike creeping over her as she met his gaze. There was something about him repulsive to her. She could not like him. She had tried to, during the two days he had been at the Elms, but she had not succeeded in overcoming her first impression of him. There was something in his bold and uncontrolled admiration which made her afraid of him.

"I think our Cuban gentleman has taken a decided fancy to Olive," Charlie remarked to his sister, as she joined him on the steps.

"He has been asking me all about her and Sherwood. I notice he watches her pretty closely, and he doesn't make any secret of his admiration for her. A genuine, fiery, hot-headed Cuban; I wouldn't like to cross his path."

"I don't like him," said Kate. "Olive doesn't, either. I know by her looks she is wishing he would take himself off and leave her to get her flowers alone. But he evidently hasn't any intention of doing that. A hasty wooer, I should say. He has only been here two days."

"I was true that Mario Almont had been at the Elms but a day or two, but to one of his quick, passionate nature, that time was long enough to form an attachment in. Love is not so much an outgrowth of friendship and time, as of impulse, with persons of his temperament."

"You have a new lover," Charlie whispered, as Olive passed him with her flowers.

"He'll be asking you to be Senora Almont inside of a week."

"I hope not," said Olive, slowly. "I suppose it's foolish in me, but I can't help feeling afraid of that man. I wonder if there is such a thing as a presentment? Somehow I can't get rid of a strange dread which oppresses me every time he looks at me."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," quoted Charlie.

Little did either of them think how much truth there was in his lightly uttered words.

Mario Almont looked after her as she went up the steps with a thoughtful look in his crafty face.

"She doesn't like me, I see plainly," he muttered. "But she shall! I'll win her, in spite of Sherwood. Nothing shall stand in my way. I'm an Almont, and an Almont was never yet stopped by trifles."

That afternoon Allyn Sherwood came. He was a tall and handsome man, as different in every way from Almont as day from night.

He had a brave, frank face, thoughtful beyond his years. There was an expression in his kind and earnest eyes which made you feel that he was a man who might be trusted.

Almont watched Olive when they met.

She lifted a shy, happy face to Sherwood's for a moment, as she gave him her hand, and then dropped her eyes in pretty confusion before his tender gaze.

Almont's face flushed darkly. He saw before him a rival; one who had the advantage wholly on his side. An expression of intense hatred flashed into his eyes. A person of his fiery, passionate, selfish nature could not have a rival without hating him.

"Senior Almont, Mr. Sherwood," Olive said, turning to the Cuban and presenting her lover.

Almont bowed coldly, and took the hand which Sherwood offered, because he could not do otherwise, but there was no cordiality in his manner. Instead, there was a subtle repulsion about it, which made Sherwood feel that there could be no friendship between the man before him and himself.

Any overtures on his part, he felt, would be rejected.

More than once that afternoon he looked up suddenly to find Almont's eyes fixed on him in a cold, hateful stare, his hand, as if he were about to strike him.

"Your Cuban friend has evidently taken a dislike to me," Sherwood said to

Olive as they stood by the piano in the evening. "He watches me as a cat does a mouse. I wonder what the reason is?"

Olive did not reply.

"We are antagonistic, probably," Sherwood said. "Ring something, please."

She sat down and sang a little vespers song.

Almont, coming down the hall, heard her singing and opened the parlor door softly, thinking she was alone.

He saw Sherwood standing beside her in the twilight, and a flash of hatred leaped into his eyes.

"Come him!" he muttered, under his breath. "He stands between me and the only woman I ever cared to marry. He holds the best cards in the game, too, but I won't give it up."

He stood there in the shadowy hall and watched them.

When the song was ended, Sherwood bent down and lifted Olive's face between his hands and kissed her.

"To pay you for your song," he said, tenderly.

She smiled as she gave him some gay reply, and Almont could tell by the look which came into her face that she loved the man at her side with a deep and strong affection. It was full of trust and tender confidence.

"I wonder if that Almont hasn't fallen in love with you, Olive?" Sherwood asked, suddenly. "I remember that I saw him looking at you with a very ardent expression of admiration in his face as I came up the steps on my arrival. Perhaps that's why he doesn't like me."

"I think you are half right," she answered. "He is evidently quick to form his likes and dislikes."

"Then you think he likes you?" asked Sherwood.

"I'm afraid so," she answered, smiling up into his eyes as he bent over her.

"Afraid so?" repeated Sherwood. "I thought all young ladies liked to have the gentlemen in love with them? Are you an exception to the generality of young ladies, or is Senior Almont an exception among the gentlemen?"

"I am quite well satisfied with having one gentleman in love with me at a time," she said, archly. "Seriously, though, I do feel afraid of that man. He seems so strange, and has such a hard, crafty look about his face. All the old stories I read of about vendettas and the like, had men with just such faces as his in them, and they were always cruel and relentless in their quest of revenge for real or imaginary wrongs. Perhaps it is the influence which these stories had on my mind that makes me feel such a dislike to him."

"Probably," answered Sherwood. "I'll run the risk of incurring his hatred before I'll give you up to him, though," he added, laughingly.

They did not see the sinister face peering at them through the shadows, nor hear the footsteps which glided away as some one came down the hall toward the parlor.

CHAPTER III.

RIVALRY.

On Monday, Brent Lisle and his sister came down to the Elms, and the party was complete.

Olive did the honors of her father's hospitable mansion as hostess with an easy, native grace.

Her mother had been dead for years. She was so young when she became motherless, that she could not remember the mother who kissed her good by when the night of life shut down about her and hid her in its shadows.

Mr. Carmart had been father and mother to his child. The old house had been kept open the same as before the mistress died, with the exception of the years Olive passed at school. There was a deep and tender affection between father and daughter, the love which each would have given to the other who had died, they gave each other.

Before a week had passed Allyn Sherwood understood that Mario Almont regarded him as a rival. It was an old, one-sided rivalry, for Olive treated Almont with cool politeness, and tried to keep him at a distance, so that he would not be repulsed in that way.

He haunted her like a shadow, and if persistence could have accomplished anything, he would have wrought quite a revolution in her feelings regarding himself.

She was too thoroughly well bred, and had too many of the old chivalrous ideas of what her position as hostess demanded of her, to let her dislike toward Almont manifest itself. And yet she could not quite conceal the dread she had of him.

Allyn Sherwood watched matters with a keen eye. He resolved to have no trouble with Almont if he could avoid it. He knew that he had nothing to fear from his rival, so far as affecting any change in Olive's feelings were concerned. He understood the quick, passionate, Spanish nature of the man well enough to think it wisdom to let him alone and not interfere with him, so long as he had nothing to dread from the result of his passion for Olive. And yet he resented the annoying and uneconomical attention which his rival continually thrust upon her.

Mario Almont knew this as well as Sherwood did, and it gave him a fierce pleasure in seeing his fortunate rival forced to be silent, while he gave Olive his persistent attentions. He knew, too, that she did not want them; on the contrary, they were repulsive to her; and yet he insisted on forcing them upon her. He had made up his mind to make Olive Carmart his wife, and he fully meant to carry out his purpose.

But how?

That question puzzled him.

Allyn Sherwood was in the way, and he saw no chance of getting him out of it.

The days passed pleasantly to the other members of the party at the Elms. There were rides and walks down the river, and many other amusements peculiar to country

life, which they enjoyed thoroughly, coming as they did from the dusty, noisy city.

Not one in the whole party liked Almont. There was something about him which repelled them. A show of friendship was kept up by all of them except Sherwood. He had no friendship for him, and seemed to hate him.

He treated him with a cool politeness and civility which gave Almont no chance for complaint of want of courtesy, while it gave him to understand that his conduct was repulsive.

"Don't quarrel with him," Olive said to Sherwood one day, when they were standing on the piazza looking alone. "He is so passionate and hot-tempered that I dread to have any trouble with him."

"I get terribly provoked sometimes to see him throw his unbecoming attentions on you," Sherwood said. "I could have knocked him down yesterday when he insisted on holding you worsted for you. You told him you could beat it well enough your own self, but he wouldn't listen to you. No gentleman would do so he continues to, after seeing, as he must, that you would much prefer to have him bestow his attentions elsewhere or keep them to himself. He is either hard to beat a hint, or else he is determined to show me that I have a rival who believes in perseverance, and isn't easily baffled."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

"I don't think you need apprehend much trouble from him," Sherwood answered. "He will probably persist in playing the gallant until you tell him in so many words that you don't want him to bother you with his attentions. Then, I think, he will likely come to the conclusion that his case is hopeless, and leave you in peace."

"I wish he had stayed away," Olive said. "I could have enjoyed myself so much, ever so much better."

into lights and shadows as they drifted along.

The party would have been a gay and merry one but for one disturbing element in it.

That element was Almont. He seemed to throw a depressing influence over them. Olive was evidently ill at ease, and Olive's uneasiness under his unbecoming gallantry, and it was plain to be seen that Allyn Sherwood was chafing under the persistence of his rival. Although, as he had remarked to Kate, he had nothing to fear from any influence Almont could bring to bear on Olive's regard for him, it was not very agreeable to be obliged to sit and see another making love to the woman who was to be his wife.

"Isn't it about time to turn about?" asked Lida.

They had already floated some mile or two down the river.

"Perhaps it is," answered Sherwood. "The boat was turned, and they rowed homeward. 'Charlie seemed the only one in the party who cared to talk much.'"

"I told you how it would be," he said, with a great assumption of worldly wisdom. "Three men and three women are the most unusual of any given number of persons in the world. There's Almont; he's contented to sit at Olive's feet, and let matters take their course; and there's Sherwood, who's thinking about something, probably a plot for his next story; and here's Lida and his sister, who don't feel exactly comfortable, because they happen to be too nearly related to make a flirtation interesting. I'm thankful there's no damsel along to bother me. I'm like the good, sensible old miller of Dee, who says he has no woman, no, not I, and none of them care for me!"

"Four Charlie!" laughed Olive.

"Not at all, thank you," answered Charlie, with a bow. "It's an awful thing to have the women care for a fellow. It keeps him in perpetual torment. He's in fear all the time. You see, he doesn't like to offend this one by telling her that he feels highly flattered by her attentions, but he must firmly decline accepting them nevertheless; and he doesn't like to encourage that one and while he is thinking what to do with them, up comes the other one, and before he knows it he's about done for. Awful, I assure you. You know something of how it is yourself, with a meaning glance at Sherwood and Almont, and then at Olive, who dropped her eyes and seemed to be intently studying the texture of the dress she wore."

A clump of water lilies grew near the place where the boat was kept moored. As they rowed back, Olive caught sight of a great, creamy lily cup floating on the water, the stem of the sunshade seemed running over from its warm chalice.

"Oh, I must have it!" cried Olive. "Row the boat that way, please."

"I will get it for you," Almont said, smiling into her face, with his passionate eyes full of the fierce admiration he felt for her.

"No, no," she said. "Let me get it. I can reach it."

She leaned over the boat and reached after the flower further away than she had thought it to be, and she could not grasp it. She leaned still further toward it, and lost her balance.

With a cry of fright she fell into the water and sank beneath its surface immediately.

CHAPTER IV.

A QUARREL.

Instantly Almont and Allyn Sherwood sprang to the rescue. The Cuban cried, "Stand back!" His eyes flashed with swift excitement.

"She is mine!" answered Sherwood, with desperate calmness, watching the place where Olive had gone down.

There was a ripple on the water, and she rose to the surface, some feet away from the boat.

Both men sprang into the water at the same time, and swam toward her with rapid strokes.

"Back, back!" cried Almont fiercely, beating Sherwood away when he had almost reached Olive, who was struggling to keep above the water. "Back, I say! I will save her!"

He caught her before Sherwood could recover the ground he had lost. As he grasped her, he turned to throw a fierce, triumphant glance at his rival, and then with a few quick, powerful strokes, swam ashore and lifted Olive to the bank, where she lay her down, pale, frightened and exhausted.

Sherwood turned to swim back to the boat, but the roots of the water lilies caught about his feet, and he struggled in vain to free himself from them.

"Help me!" he cried. "Something has wound itself about my feet. I cannot get away!"

He beat the water with his hands to support himself above the surface.

The occupants of the boat seemed paralyzed with fright, and made no effort to assist him. Almont watched him from the bank with a wild gleam in his eyes. What if he should drown? Olive was too bewildered to notice what was taking place.

"He is drowning!" cried Kate suddenly, breaking the spell which had held them in terrified stupefaction. "Brent Lida—Charlie—can't you help him?"

Lida seized an oar and gave the boat a swift push toward the struggling man. Charlie leaped out of the water and caught him, just as the lily roots were dragging him down beneath the surface. He drew him into the boat, and they rowed swiftly to the shore.

Lida and Charlie lifted Sherwood, who was pale, unconscious and wholly exhausted, and carried him ashore.

"Is he dead?" cried Olive, who had just begun to comprehend the situation of affairs. She staggered to her feet and started toward Sherwood.

Almont caught her, and held her back. "He is not dead," he said, "only exhausted. They will bring him to the house if you can walk, lean on me, and let me assist you home."

She broke loose from his grasp.

"Allyn!" she cried, and sank down on the ground beside him. "Allyn! oh Allyn! speak to me!"

Sherwood heard her, and opened his eyes to see her bending over him. He smiled, and tried to rise.

"Let me help you," Brent Lida said, assisting him to his feet. "Charlie and I will get you to the house. If you feel strong enough we had better be moving. It won't do you any good to stay in these wet clothes longer than you can help."

As the Almonts turned toward Olive's arm, "Lean on me," he said. "You should have on dry garments."

She tried to walk without assistance, but her wet clothes clung about her feet, and she nearly fell.

"You must let me help you," he said, and drew her arm within his own.

The party went on toward the house, Sherwood assisted by Lida and Charlie.

A rather unfortunate termination of our afternoon pleasure, Almont whispered, with his eyes on Olive's pale and troubled face, but I do not regret it—for it let me save your life."

The party reached the house, and Olive and Sherwood went to their rooms to get on dry clothes and rest after the excitement of the afternoon.

Neither of them appeared again that day. They came down to breakfast next morning, both of them a trifle pale.

"Good-morning," Senator Almont said, smilingly, as Olive came into the breakfast room.

"I hope you have quite recovered from yesterday's excitement and fatigue."

"Thank you! I feel like myself again this morning," she answered. "Let me thank you for what you did yesterday," she added.

"You need not," he said, quickly. "I am only too glad to know that I was of assistance to you. It gave me a chance of seeing how much I would stand for your sake."

His eyes seemed to burn her face with the intensity of their gaze. She could not mistake the meaning in his look.

She turned away with a good morning to Lucia Lida who just then entered, and Almont had no chance to continue the conversation further.

After breakfast he followed Olive into the parlor. She was arranging the vases on their brackets, and preparing to fill them with fresh flowers.

"You are going into the garden," he said. "Let me go with you?"

"Oh, there isn't the least need of it," she answered, with a laugh which had an undertone of indignation in it. "I can get my flowers alone, I assure you."

"But I want to talk with you," he said. "Of course she could not refuse to grant his request, because she had no reasonable excuse for a refusal."

"Well," she said, "I am ready."

They went down the steps together. Sherwood was just coming in from a turn in the garden.

Almont shot a keen, mocking glance at his rival as he passed him, but Sherwood ignored him with a calm coolness that was as surprising to the fiery-tempered, hot-headed Cuban.

"Curse him!" he muttered, under his breath. "I wish he had drowned yesterday."

He began clipping off roses the moment the garden was reached. She wanted to get back to the house. Every minute alone with this man seemed an hour.

"I told you that I wanted to talk with you," he said, breaking off a cluster of white roses. "I am sorry that you have to be so busy. I will try my hand for you, and I bet I will have the fair one vanquished ere long."

"Try your hand? Why, you scarcely know her—and besides you would be certain to fail with her yourself, if you did not know her; so there's no use talking about it."

"Guy, here's my hand—and I promise you that not only will I not fail in love with Miss Graham, but I will do all in my power to promote your interest. Old friend, you can trust me—can you not?"

The young men looked at one another for a moment, and then with a hearty grip of their hands, separated.

And Frank Maynard was as true as his word. He kept frequently on Miss Graham, and soon became one of her special friends. On all occasions he spoke of his friends in the highest terms, and took every opportunity of praising him, until at last Blanche thought that she had underrated Mr. Everett, and that perhaps she had made a mistake in discharging him.

So easily influenced was she by Frank Maynard's words.

The summer months Blanche usually spent among the mountains, where she enjoyed the pleasure of riding on horseback to her golden hair. A splendid horseman she was, and the inhabitants of the village would open their eyes many a summer evening to see this vision of beauty dashing through their quiet streets, her blue riding habit contrasting well with the shower of golden hair falling down her shoulders, and lovingly caressed by the setting sun, as if his rays were loth to part with anything so bright and beautiful.

Generally she was accompanied by one cavalier, and sometimes by two, but on a certain day it happened that she preferred riding alone, when putting her sketch-book and pencil in her pocket, she would choose a quiet spot among the hills, where undisturbed she could copy some of the beauties so richly displayed in her landscape.

One day, after a solitary ride of this kind, she was passing through one of the least frequented streets of the village, when her horse suddenly took fright and plunged violently. He would soon have become unmanageable, and undoubtedly she would have been thrown, but for the strong hand of a man who at that moment appeared, and catching the bridle, after a short struggle with the frightened animal, succeeded in calming him.

As Blanche recognized Frank Maynard, she intended her hand and said in a low voice:

"Mr. Maynard, you may have saved my life, and heaven knows how grateful I am. Accept my warmest thanks for the service you have rendered me, and if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call upon me."

Frank answered her in a few words, and saying he would see her in the evening, raised his hat and left her.

Blanche rode slowly homeward. Was she thinking of Frank Maynard, of Guy Everett, or of whom?

In the evening, when Frank called, he found Blanche as charming as ever, and again he spoke of his friend Guy.

"Miss Blanche, did you not say that if you could do anything for me you would? Well, then, you can, by promising to look favorably on the suit of my friend Everett. It may seem strange that I should plead his cause."

Indeed it did seem strange, Mr. Maynard, she interrupted, "and if Mr. Everett has asked you to undertake the task of winning my affection for him, you can assure him at once that such an effort on your part is entirely unavailing."

Here Frank hastened to assure her that no such task had been imposed upon him, and that it was simply his interest in his friend which had prompted his remarks.

"Poor Guy," he continued, "is so afraid that he has offended you, that he scarcely dares tell himself in your presence. Promise me that if I bring him here to-morrow you will be kind to him."

She looked at him for a moment, and then gave the promise.

And after that first visit he came again and again. Frank gave his sister and his friend, and when the long summer days had drawn to a close, and the falling leaves had thickened the near approach of Autumn, Blanche Graham placed her hand in Guy Everett's, and said she would be his wife.

Did she love him? Perhaps she thought so, but she had examined her heart more thoroughly, and she had not found that the desire to please the one she really cared for had induced her to give herself to his friend.

And so when spring time came once more they were married. Blanche's new home was a pretty one, and Frank Maynard found it pleasant to lounge into his friend's parlor in the evening, and find his friend's wife ready to talk to him. And so the days passed, and Blanche had been married several months. She often spoke of Frank in the highest terms to her husband, and sometimes said that but for his friend he might never have won her. No wonder then that Guy became jealous, and soon Frank saw that his frequent visits were no longer so acceptable. He discontinued them, and though it seemed as if a ray of sunshine had faded from his life, he still struggled on, thinking that he had nothing with which to reproach himself. But was not his voluntary promise to his friend a mistake in the beginning?

And now Blanche pined and faded away. She loved him, thought her husband, and then he determined to take her to Europe, thinking the change of air would benefit her, and hoping that if once far removed from Frank she would forget him.

So to Europe they went, but while there Guy was taken suddenly ill, and almost be-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"The Fair One With Golden Locks."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MAY MURKIN.

"There she is, Frank," eagerly exclaimed Guy Everett. "Did you ever see anything so lovely before?"

"Indeed, no," answered his companion. "Take me up and introduce me. I will promise not to become a rival, but to aid you, if I can."

The introduction was soon effected, and Mr. Maynard asked permission to dance with Miss Graham, which permission was graciously accorded.

They soon became friends—and when after awhile Blanche Graham was claimed by another partner, Frank took her with regret, and betook himself to his friend Guy.

As the two young men walked home that night, leisurely smoking their cigars, and admiring the moon, which spread its soft light around them, Frank drew from Guy the story of his love for Miss Graham.

"She is very beautiful, you know, Frank, and from the first time I saw her, my heart was hers. You know I never cared much for the ladies—but having once looked on her face, I would think of nothing else. Like a fool, I wrote and offered myself."

"She returned me a very civil but cold reply, to the effect that she thought my acquaintance with her hardly warranted my having proposed—but that as I had done so, she could not give me a positive answer in the negative. Of course, there is no chance for me now, and I might as well give up trying to win her affection."

"Give up? Indeed I would do no such thing. I will try my hand for you, and I bet I will have the fair one vanquished ere long."

"Try your hand? Why, you scarcely know her—and besides you would be certain to fail with her yourself, if you did not know her; so there's no use talking about it."

"Guy, here's my hand—and I promise you that not only will I not fail in love with Miss Graham, but I will do all in my power to promote your interest. Old friend, you can trust me—can you not?"

The young men looked at one another for a moment, and then with a hearty grip of their hands, separated.

And Frank Maynard was as true as his word. He kept frequently on Miss Graham, and soon became one of her special friends. On all occasions he spoke of his friends in the highest terms, and took every opportunity of praising him, until at last Blanche thought that she had underrated Mr. Everett, and that perhaps she had made a mistake in discharging him.

So easily influenced was she by Frank Maynard's words.

The summer months Blanche usually spent among the mountains, where she enjoyed the pleasure of riding on horseback to her golden hair. A splendid horseman she was, and the inhabitants of the village would open their eyes many a summer evening to see this vision of beauty dashing through their quiet streets, her blue riding habit contrasting well with the shower of golden hair falling down her shoulders, and lovingly caressed by the setting sun, as if his rays were loth to part with anything so bright and beautiful.

Generally she was accompanied by one cavalier, and sometimes by two, but on a certain day it happened that she preferred riding alone, when putting her sketch-book and pencil in her pocket, she would choose a quiet spot among the hills, where undisturbed she could copy some of the beauties so richly displayed in her landscape.

One day, after a solitary ride of this kind, she was passing through one of the least frequented streets of the village, when her horse suddenly took fright and plunged violently. He would soon have become unmanageable, and undoubtedly she would have been thrown, but for the strong hand of a man who at that moment appeared, and catching the bridle, after a short struggle with the frightened animal, succeeded in calming him.

As Blanche recognized Frank Maynard, she intended her hand and said in a low voice:

"Mr. Maynard, you may have saved my life, and heaven knows how grateful I am. Accept my warmest thanks for the service you have rendered me, and if there is anything I can do for you, do not hesitate to call upon me."

Frank answered her in a few words, and saying he would see her in the evening, raised his hat and left her.

Blanche rode slowly homeward. Was she thinking of Frank Maynard, of Guy Everett, or of whom?

In the evening, when Frank called, he found Blanche as charming as ever, and again he spoke of his friend Guy.

"Miss Blanche, did you not say that if you could do anything for me you would? Well, then, you can, by promising to look favorably on the suit of my friend Everett. It may seem strange that I should plead his cause."

Indeed it did seem strange, Mr. Maynard, she interrupted, "and if Mr. Everett has asked you to undertake the task of winning my affection for him, you can assure him at once that such an effort on your part is entirely unavailing."

Here Frank hastened to assure her that no such task had been imposed upon him, and that it was simply his interest in his friend which had prompted his remarks.

"Poor Guy," he continued, "is so afraid that he has offended you, that he scarcely dares tell himself in your presence. Promise me that if I bring him here to-morrow you will be kind to him."

She looked at him for a moment, and then gave the promise.

And after that first visit he came again and again. Frank gave his sister and his friend, and when the long summer days had drawn to a close, and the falling leaves had thickened the near approach of Autumn, Blanche Graham placed her hand in Guy Everett's, and said she would be his wife.

Did she love him? Perhaps she thought so, but she had examined her heart more thoroughly, and she had not found that the desire to please the one she really cared for had induced her to give herself to his friend.

And so when spring time came once more they were married. Blanche's new home was a pretty one,
